DORA COYNE; OR, HID IN THE HEART.

BY JESSIE M. E. SAXBY,

Author of "Gerta's Newrsgaf," "Lindeman Brothers," etc.

"Trampling on flower borders." p. 82.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LITTLE HEIR.

ROBINA's letter to Mr. Buist was so wise and friendly, it elicited a frank out-pouring of spirit from him, and I think I cannot do better than let you read what he said—

"Thanks over and over for your letter. Nothing so good as getting that letter has happened to me for a long time.

"It was just like my carelessness to omit an address before, I might have known that *you* were not the one to throw cold water at a fellow when he tried to make up for his naughtiness. But it is only when one becomes aware of how much has been forgiven one that one learns to believe properly in the goodness of other people.

"I am so glad, so awfully glad, Robina, to be friends again. If I were near you I would go down on my knees and beg pardon for having been such a bad-tempered, headstrong fool. I know now that I was all wrong, and deserved what came to me, and I can never be grateful enough that God

arrested me on the road to destruction. I am sure I was guarded in my hour of danger by the prayers of His 'good angels.' They will continue to pray for me, although I have at last learned to pray for myself.

"Will you thank Lady Coyne for her most kind message? and tell her that no one in this world rejoices more than I do in knowing that she is happy. Say that I am happy in the way she hoped for me;—I have found her God, and am resting on Him. I hope He will accept the life I now consecrate to His service. Nay, I am sure He will, for 'the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit,' and He will not despise my little offering. I have been here some months. I thought it best to come and look about some time before my medical studies actually began, and I have undertaken some mission-work in a rather *lapsed* part of the city, which, with my other work, keeps me fully employed.

"Does it seem strange to you to imagine *me* doing that which I have so often mocked your sister for doing?

"Ah, Robina, even feather-headed, hot-hearted Kaiser was not too bad for the Christ to come unto.

"Joe and I are getting along famously together. He likes it, and I like it. I think Joe, dear old fellow, was one of the people who always believed in me, in spite of my own wilful ways of trying my friends beyond endurance; so he will take my opinion, and be guided by me, and I think I can be of use to him.

"He knows little of the world, being young, and having always lived in a pure and happy home. I, unfortunately, have been 'out in life' since I was a small boy; and my experience may help to keep Joe off some rocks. I hope your sister will not be afraid to trust her pet brother to me.

"Do you know, we have already begun to plan how we will have you and Mrs. Falconer to visit us here. You would go into rhapsodies over this most beautiful city. Its hills are a 'joy for ever.' The atmosphere is so fine and bracing, Joe thinks, and I think, that your poor nerves would find the 'caller' airs from the Forth the best of tonics.

"When we are rather more of doctors than at this very early stage, we shall prescribe Edinburgh for you, Robina, and you for ourselves. *We* shall want a tonic, too, before long, and you will suit our constitutions famously.

"You know now what is in store; be prepared to come when Joe and I say you must.

"Meanwhile, you will have Joe during vacation, and all vacations. I don't know what I shall do while he is away at such times. I shall have to 'walk the hospital' and attach myself to a dispensary to get rid of ennui."

"That is a very good idea about our going north sometime," said Mrs. Falconer, when Robina read a portion of the letter to her. "A very nice plan, indeed. It would do you good, and I should see for myself how Joe gets on in lodgings. I really think Mr. Buist must have improved very much in some ways. You don't think there is any danger of his leading Joe into any foolishness, such as playing billiards, and drinking beer? I always thought he got his fondness for beer with his name. The Germans are such beer drinkers, eh, Robina?"

"I am sure Joe is safe with Kaiser."

"I am glad you think so. But, Robina, I think you should give up calling Mr. Buist by such a familiar name. It was permissible at one time, but now it is different."

"I shall always *think* of him as 'Kaiser,' and I may as well call him it," said Robina in her firm yet gentle way, which usually gained the point for her.

"As you will. You know, Robina, I always admit the discretion of your views. Don't you think what Mr. Buist says about the holidays is a hint for an invitation here?"

"No, I don't think that."

"Anyhow, perhaps since he is being so friendly with Joe, we ought to say something about his visiting Hackleton. Only I don't know how Dora might like it, and Sir James. We must consider Sir James's wishes before *everything*."

"They would not object, madre."

"Then you might say, when you write to Mr. Buist, that if he is visiting Hackleton at any time we shall be glad to see him here. That doesn't commit us to *bringing* him here; and if he comes to the town, we should be obliged to invite him to this house for Joe's sake."

"I'll tell Kaiser what you say."

Robina wrote again a week later, giving her mother's message, but adding to it a little sentiment of her own. "Dora and I would like to see you back here. It would be delightful to hear you sing again; and to find your sea-blue eyes glinting fun upon us. The house has been quite sober and conventional since you were wont to turn it topsy-turvy. I hope you will come and spend some of your vacations at Hackleton, as well as Joe."

Kaiser's answer to that was brief and courteous, but it set Robina pondering. "My hearty thanks for your kind invitation. It is very kind of Mrs. Falconer to send me such a message. Do not think, dear Robina, that I value your and her goodness less than they deserve when I say that I shall never see Hackleton again, unless that which at present I believe to be impossible should take place. The wild imagination which you were wont to tell me needed a curb-rein has broken in and goes quietly in harness now. I have no dreams; I do not speculate on impossibilities; I never count on chances. If you and I are to renew our old friendship it will have to be done here—not at Hackleton. I notice with the deepest gratitude, dear Robina, that you sign yourself as of old 'La petite sœur.' Behind its sweet indulgence I return to my former style, and so remain—your Big Brother Kaiser."

The correspondence thus begun never flagged, and it became a source of infinite pleasure to both Robina and Mr. Buist. His letters were always exhibited to Dora, but to no one else; and Dora often thought "it may be! Perhaps Robina may some day take my place to Kaiser. I think I could bear *that*."

And so the days and weeks and months slipped by, bringing their "allotted tasks" with them, and banishing from Sir James Coyne's mind any uneasy thoughts he might have had. Plenty of occupation is the best cure for morbid forebodings; work is God's remedy for a "fearful spirit."

Robina laid aside her apprehensions. Dora found peace in active service, though the hunger of her heart which had craved to expend itself and satisfy its longings in loving little demonstrations, was not allayed by sugaring Sir James's coffee and stamping his letters.

But in the fulness of time God sent her an object upon which to lavish all the wealth of affection which some indefinable want of spiritual affinity had prevented from expending itself on husband or sister-in-law.

What a state of fluster and excitement the Misses Coyne were in when "young Lady Coyne" gave to "dearest James" and Oldham Grange an heir!

There never was such a boy in this world, never!

I think Robina was just a tiny bit jealous when first she saw the little one nestling on Dora's bosom, and Dora's eyes shining with a lustre that seemed to glorify her whole face. Her sister had never seen her look so utterly happy before,

and Robina felt—"*Now* Dora has found the crown of her blessings. This was what she needed to complete her life."

In deep thankfulness and joy Dora received her child, and knew that he was God's comforter to her hurt heart. In its depths she had hid her sorrow, her exceeding loss, and this was the healing balm, direct from a divine Friend. So while mother and sisters, and sisters-in-law were buzzing around the baby, his mother was silently giving thanks for him, and resolving that he should be "dedicated to God in his cradle."

A weighty matter was the naming of the child.

The ladies all looked to Sir James; and he said, "I have told Dora what I wish about our child's name, and she is willing that he should be named according to my desire. I hope he will be as good a man as the one whose name he will bear. Mrs. Falconer, our son is to be called after Dora's father. So the boy became "Edmund Falconer Coyne," and the aunts reconciled themselves to the inevitable.

What hopes, what dreams, what plans were bound up in that little life! How little did those to whom the baby boy brought so much gladness suspect what events should gather ere long around him, overwhelming the world of which he was the centre in dismay!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SPOILT CHILD.

JOE FALCONER came home for the holidays, and his family heard enough of Mr. Buist at that time. His excuses for not accompanying Joe were rational, and no one, except Robina, thought there might be a hidden reason for Kaiser's non-appearance. He was working, Joe said. "There never was such a fellow for work. He pokes about the lowest places in Edinburgh and usually contrives to haul out of their dens some wretched creatures. And he never rests till he has *them* set to work too. Then he has done no end of good to one or two 'Varsity fellows who were going to waste pretty fast. Kaiser doesn't preach to us, but he sets a fine example; and he is so manly, so much the gentleman, so liberal in his views, that one can't help admiring his Christianity. Yes, he is out-and-out a Christian now; and I wish all who call themselves *that* made their religion as attractive as old Kaiser does his."

That was the gist of what Joe told them, and Dora gave thanks for her quondam lover.

So the months went past, and a whole year and a half were gone. Sometimes, when visiting Hackleton, Joe would talk to Dora in a way that showed her (without her brother being at all conscious of the light he was throwing by his remarks upon his college life) the kind of influence which was being brought to bear upon him, and by whom. At last it happened that Joe gravely and modestly said to her, "I think, Doe, I can assure you that your bad boy Joe isn't going to be bad any more—and it's Kaiser you have to thank for it."

She did thank Kaiser. She wrote to him a letter which showed that she had guessed far more even than Joe had admitted, and she said, "We have not deserved so much at your hands, but God will reward you. I pray for you daily, as I have *always* done."

He was more moved by her simple sisterly note than he thought any earthly thing could then move him.

"I haven't got over it in the least, not in the least," said he to himself, "and I thought fellows always did. I expected I should be helped to forget her."

We may be sure when Joe returned from his holiday-making he always had plenty to tell his friend about the home-folks, particularly about Master Edmund, who had developed into a magnificent, and self-asserting small-boy. He was king of Oldham Grange and its occupants, saving and excepting his mother, who, while lavishing love and every pleasure that was possible upon him, yet was careful to make him her obedient servant and loyal son!

Sir James said, in his quaint, precise manner that they reminded him of Solomon and his mother. The king was extremely respectful to *her* and to no one else! Aunts Martha and Susan he treated with a tolerant contempt which their slavish obsequiousness to his slightest desire merited.

Grandmamma he wheedled and commanded by turns. The twins he disdained to call aunt or any such thing. They were merely "O" and "Fee" on his baby-tongue, and took the part in his court of fags and fays, ready to fly at a nod from the king.

Even Robina owned his sway, consequently the small man did not spare his subjects. The putting on of a hat, the tying of a shoe-string, the going to bed, and the trampling on flower borders, were all pretences for assertion of kingly rights on his part when his mother was not "in council," but when Dora was there Edmund was angelic.

He was not old enough to come into collision with his father, but things were looking, even at that early time, as if Sir James meant to abdicate when his son waxed strong; and Dora would say, "Take care, James, or *you* will be his slave too, and I should not like that."

"You will teach our son too well for that to happen," was the paternal rejoinder; but Dora shook her head, and then Sir James found it convenient to dismiss his responsibility with such a remark as, "Oh, well, when Edmund is out of frocks I'll keep him in order; at present he is only mother's baby."

And "mother," gazing after the little king as he toddled and tumbled along, his unsteady feet followed by an adoring aunt, thought what more could heart desire than just that daring, imperious, beautiful baby!

When Edmund was nearly two years of age, Sir James came into the morning-room where his wife sat and said,

"Dora, do you think your mother and Joe could come and dine with us this evening? It is rather short notice, but I don't suppose Joe has any other engagement, and I am sure Mrs. Falconer will oblige me, if possible. I have asked a stranger and Dr. Webster to come, and it is only civil to have some one to meet them."

"I will send to mother at once. I know Joe can come, for he said he meant to spend the last evening of his vacation with us. Who is the stranger?"

"A Prussian; was an officer in the Emperor's service. He brought a letter to me from our London bankers, and came to the office this morning. I don't know what he has come to Hackleton about. It seems a queer place for a man like Count Von Linchmyer to come to; but foreigners have such peculiar ways; one never knows what they may be after. However, the Count is a gentlemanly old man, with a soldierly appearance; his face has a sort of familiar look to me. He struck me as being like some one I have known, but I do not recollect who it is. He speaks English very fluently, but I thought we should have Dr. Webster, who cracks German like nuts, and your brother understands the language well too, so we ought to make the evening pleasant for Count Von Linchmyer with these two." As Sir James said the stranger's name, in the same slow, not cordial, manner in which he used to speak of Mr. Fredrich Wilhelm Buist, Dora had an inspiration, but she was discreet enough

to keep silence. Indeed, as if by tacit agreement, the name of that young man was not introduced into conversation between the husband and wife at any time, and Sir James generally retired when Kaiser was talked about by others.

But when Dora was writing the note to her mother, there was passing through her mind the thought—"This is likely one of Kaiser's relatives. If so, what will happen?"

I had better mention here, what I might have indicated sooner, that Mr. Buist's father had, on the death of his young wife, returned to his former profession and country. He did not love the poor baby who had robbed him of his pretty Effie (so he looked at it). He was quite satisfied when Effie's uncle offered to take the child, and he thought it was better in the keeping of the faithful Scottish uncle and nurse who had nursed its mother than under his protection. He went back to his soldiering, hoping in it to find surcease from recent sorrow, and he did. He was killed on the field of battle.

He had written at rare intervals to Mr. Fraser, inquiring after his boy, and sending small sums to be spent in toys, etc.

When he died, someone, finding Mr. Fraser's name among those of other friends at a distance, sent an official announcement of the fact to Effie's uncle, and therewith terminated young Buist's connection with his father's land and people.

"I never could thole they foreigners" said old Fraser, and according to his belief he trained Kaiser, so that the boy neither knew nor cared for his father's people.

Dora's instinct—the animal faculty which women possess, and which so far over-leaps man's slower reasoning—put this and that together, linked Sir James's vague thought regarding the stranger's resemblance to some one, with his pronunciation of two widely different names. *She* could see a reason for a Prussian officer coming to Hackleton if her surmise was right. She felt sure she *was* right, and she waited with much interest for the stranger's arrival.

The first glance at him told her she had not erred, although Count von Linckmyer was elderly and, withal, martinetish in aspect, which was totally unlike the picture of Kaiser in her mind—Kaiser, young and impetuous, swinging his long legs and arms about, and sending the glamour of his keen blue eyes and perpetual smile all around him. But the stranger's eyes were of the same colour and shape, and had the same falcon glance, and Dora could readily imagine that if Kaiser had been bred a soldier he would have learned to manage his limbs in as quiet and orderly a manner as the Count did. Certainly Kaiser's fine head was set on his square shoulders exactly like that of Count von Linckmyer, and the Count's smile (when it was seen, which was rarely) was very like the laughing light that was seldom absent from young Buist's face.

"Gracious! he's like old Kaiser," Joe whispered in her ear, as Sir James brought the stranger into the room, and Dora could scarcely hide her feelings enough to give her guest a cordial greeting.

But after a few moments she recovered herself, and could converse pleasantly; yet there was a touch of pathos in her voice, a lingering regret in her glance, which struck upon the Count very curiously.

He thought before the evening was half over, "Madame speaks to me as though I were some corpse that had been exhumed. Yes, truly! or as though I were some boy she had known in his promising youth, who had grown up, and grown old, and had disappointed her. There is a wistful sadness in her tones to me; there is a dream in her eyes. How perplexing are English ladies!"

(To be continued.)

QUEEN LOUISA OF PRUSSIA.

BY MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.

"Sir, if a state submit
At once, she may be blotted out at once
And swallowed in the conqueror's chronicle.
Whereas in wars of freedom and defence,
The glory and grief of battle won or lost,
Solders a race together; yea, though they fail,
The names of those who fought and fell are like
A banked-up fire that flashes out again
From century to century, and at last
May lead them on to victory."

"The Cup."—Tennyson.

It is very difficult for us now to go back in imagination to the time, between eighty and ninety years ago, when the whole of Europe was in danger of being crushed under the tyranny and rapacious cruelty of Napoleon Buonaparte.

This miraculous man, with his insatiable ambition, his almost more than human power and less than human unscrupulousness, had raised himself from a comparatively humble station, not only to be Emperor of France, but to be the conqueror of Italy, Spain, Sweden and Germany. He dreamed that in his person was to be revived the ancient empire of Charlemagne, and that all the nations of Christendom were to be subject to his universal dominion. He crowned himself in the presence of the Pope, in Paris, in 1804, and the year following he had the iron crown of the kings of Lombardy placed on his head at Milan. Not content with the title of Emperor of France, he styled himself Emperor of the West, conceding for a time to the Czar of Russia the title of Emperor of the East.

No combination of the other Powers seemed capable of withstanding his wonderful military genius. Most of all his foes, he hated England; because, to the eternal honour of our country, be it remembered, England took the lead in rousing the other nations of Europe to resist him. England was the banker of almost every coalition that was formed against him. She supplied men, armies and armed ships, where she could, and she supplied money to carry on war against Napoleon everywhere. Our great minister, William Pitt, threw himself and all the wealth and power of England into this great struggle against Napoleon. Again and again he revived the spirit of resistance among the other Powers. The rulers and representatives of other countries allowed themselves to be flattered and bribed and threatened into lending themselves to the objects of Napoleon's inordinate ambition. The Czar consented to meet him on intimate and friendly terms; the Emperor of Austria, notwithstanding the cruel humiliations he had suffered, consented to give his daughter to take the place of the unjustly divorced wife of the Corsican upstart; the less important German princes cringed before him. The hostility of England alone was implacable and unceasing, and what made her even more hated, successful.

There is little doubt that Napoleon fully recognised that England was the main obstacle in the way of the fulfilment of his dream of universal dominion. His most darling project was to crush the power of England, and in 1804-5 he

made preparations for the invasion of our country, assembling a vast army at Boulogne for that purpose. So fast did his ambition outrun the bounds of fact and common sense, that he actually had a medal struck to commemorate the conquest of England. On one side, was his own head crowned with the laurel wreath of victory; on the other, was a representation of Hercules strangling a giant, with the lying inscription, "Struck in London, 1804." He wrote to the admiral of the French fleet, which was destined about two months later to be completely destroyed by our great Nelson at Trafalgar: "Set out, lose not a moment, bring our united squadron into the Channel and *England is ours.*" It was at this moment of supreme suspense and danger that Wordsworth wrote that stirring sonnet to the men of Kent, the words of which vibrated through the nation like a trumpet call.

England's immediate relief from the danger of invasion did not come from Nelson's great victory, but from Pitt once more rousing the powers of Austria and Russia to combine against Napoleon. Pitt insisted, in the spring of 1805, on pain of losing the subsidies promised by England, that Austria should at once declare war upon France; and Napoleon was thereupon obliged to withdraw the forces he had assembled in great numbers at Boulogne to meet the new combination that had been formed against him. It was now a question how strong that combination should be. The two great powers of Austria and Russia had already joined it; the smaller German princes went, some on this side and some on that. The only important Power that showed indecision at this critical moment was Prussia. The King of Prussia, Frederick William III., was a grand nephew of Frederick the Great; but he bore no resemblance to that sovereign. He was weak and undecided in character, wishing to strengthen and enlarge his kingdom, but without force of character sufficient to decide on a wise line of conduct and to adhere to it. He and his minister, Haugwitz, cast longing eyes upon Hanover, the Electorate of which was then united with the crown of England. The French had seized Hanover, and the possession of this coveted territory was skilfully dangled by Napoleon before the eyes of the King of Prussia. Frederick William III. could not arrive at a decision whether he should serve his own interests best by joining the coalition or by remaining friends with Napoleon. While he was hesitating, Napoleon, with his customary disregard of all law, violated a neutral territory, belonging to the Kingdom of Prussia, by taking his army across it. It was like offering one hand in friendship, and boxing the ears of your friend with the other. Angry as the whole of Prussia was by the insult thus offered her, she did not bring herself boldly to join the coalition of England, Austria and Russia against Napoleon. The vacillating character of the King and the intriguing diplomacy of Haugwitz stood in the way; but it must not be supposed that in the general body of the Prussian people, there was not a feeling of shame, anger and resentment at the policy that had been adopted by their Government.

Queen Louisa of Prussia.

The embodiment of this strong national feeling was found in the person of the beautiful young Queen Louisa, a princess of the House of Mecklenburg Strelitz. Her character was a complete contrast to that of her husband. She had the decision, vivacity and high courage which he so much lacked. The two were sincerely devoted to one another; but from the essential differences in their dispositions, each became, almost unconsciously, the head of the two opposing parties in the State; the party who wished to join the coalition and resist Napoleon, and the party who wished merely to look on and try to reap some advantage from whichever side was favoured by the fortunes of war. It seemed at one time as if the Queen's influence with her husband had prevailed, and that Prussia was going to join the alliance; but just at this time came the news of the first of Napoleon's great victories in this campaign (the capitulation of Ulm), and all the fears of the timid party were renewed. Then came the great catastrophe of Austerlitz; Napoleon's forces had completely crushed the combined armies of Russia and Austria, and Pitt's last supreme effort against Napoleon had failed. Austerlitz is said to have killed Pitt. He was only 47; but his health had long been feeble, and this last blow to all his hopes was fatal. He died a few weeks after the news reached him, on the 23rd January, 1806. He attributed

the failure of the coalition to the indecision of Prussia. If he was right in this he had a terrible revenge. It is one of the most extraordinary episodes in history that Prussia, which had hesitated to join one of the most powerful alliances that had ever been formed against Napoleon, was destined within a few months to match itself against the conqueror almost single-handed.

Very soon after the battle of Austerlitz the Prussian minister, Haugwitz, waited upon Napoleon and renewed negotiations with him. Napoleon offered Prussia the choice between immediate war, or alliance and the possession of Hanover. A treaty was drawn up accepting the latter alternative; Haugwitz agreed to it, and carried it back to his master for ratification. When the terms of the treaty became known in Berlin, the anger of the patriotic party was unbounded. They felt they were bound by ties of blood and kindred to espouse the cause of their German brethren. They looked upon the proffered bribe of Hanover as hush-money, which was to close their lips from protesting against the oppression of Germany by Napoleon. When Haugwitz returned to Berlin he was treated with marked coldness by the Queen. On receiving the disastrous news of the defeat of Austerlitz, she had called to her side her two elder boys, the younger of whom was the late aged Emperor of Germany, and adjured them to think, from that time forth, only of avenging their unhappy brethren. The King's brothers sympathised with the Queen's views, as did also the patriotic statesmen Stein and Hardenburg, and a brave young prince, Louis Ferdinand, the king's cousin. Miss Hudson, who has written a life of Queen Louisa, says in reference to her position at this crisis, "The Queen did not desire or endeavour to take a leading part, but she did not dissemble her feelings and aspirations, and her name was put foremost by popular report, on account of her superior rank. The Queen did not play any conspicuous part, but she was a constant incentive to the best of the nation to work for their country's deliverance. It was what she was, not what she did, that made her name a watchword for the enemies of Napoleon."

Haugwitz had never dreamed that his master would refuse to ratify the treaty; but the outburst of popular anger against it had been so marked, and the advantages it offered to Prussia were in fact so small, that the King declined to sign, and demanded modifications. His vacillation had placed him in a cleft stick. If he refused Napoleon's terms, he would have to fight with the victorious French army; if he accepted them, and Hanover with them, he would have to fight with England; as it was not probable that the latter country would calmly allow Hanover to be appropriated by another Power without a struggle. While this was the situation of affairs, the King of Prussia, having sent back the treaty to Napoleon to ask for modifications, one of which was to obtain the consent of England to the cession of Hanover, the news came to all the world that Pitt, the most powerful and the most pertinacious of Napoleon's enemies, was dead. England had lost Nelson and Pitt within a few months. It seemed as if they had been removed to make the pathway of ambition smooth for Napoleon.

Pitt was succeeded in the ministry by his great rival Fox, the professed admirer of the French Revolution, a man whose measure Napoleon thought he had taken, and whom the Emperor believed he could dupe with fine phrases about universal brotherhood and a union of hearts. Napoleon instantly saw the advantage this change might bring to him. With audacity unparalleled, except by himself, he commenced negotiations with the English Government and offered *them* Hanover, notwithstanding that the ink was hardly dry on the treaty in which he had offered it to Prussia. Napoleon, intent for the moment on this fresh project of pacifying England, received Haugwitz, when he presented his master's modifications of the treaty, with harsh and contemptuous insolence. The conditions of the treaty were made still more onerous than before on Prussia. Napoleon now wanted to force a quarrel between England and Prussia, of which he himself would in any result reap the advantages. He carried on this project for a time so successfully that England did actually declare war against Prussia, but hostilities between them never actually took place, because it became evident that Prussia had only been a cat's paw in the hand of Napoleon. The new treaty which Napoleon returned to Frederick William was so humiliating to Prussia, that Haugwitz did not dare to take it to Berlin himself, but sent it by another hand. The King was so weak and foolish as to sign it, and from that moment Napoleon poured insult after insult upon the unhappy government which had consented to its own slavery. One of his first acts was to insist on the dismissal of Hardenberg, one of the most trusted of the Prussian ministers. Under the pretext of a new Confederation of the Rhine, it became evident that Napoleon meant to entirely alter the whole constitution of Germany without consulting Prussia, or any of the Powers chiefly concerned. The French ambassador had orders to state that "his master no longer recognised the Germanic constitution." Under these new humiliations, the war fever burst out more strongly than ever, all over Prussia. Unequal as the contest was, all that was best in the nation preferred any risk to the humble acceptance of the galling tyranny that oppressed them. The young men in Berlin showed what their feelings were, by assembling in crowds outside the house of the French ambassador, and sharpening their swords on his doorstep and window sills.

It may very well be believed that Fox, if he had lived, would have carried out Pitt's policy in resisting Napoleon. Already his eyes must have been opened by the perfidious transactions about Hanover; but while the process of disillusion was proceeding, Fox died, in September, 1806, a few months after his great rival. Napoleon stated, in after years, that he considered the death of Fox, at this juncture, was the first great blow his power had received. "Fox's death," he often said at St. Helena, "was one of the fatalities of my career." The English policy of resistance to Napoleon had hardly received more than a temporary check by Fox's accession to office, and when Prussia finally decided on fighting with Napoleon, she was promised assistance both from Russia and England. The struggle, however, took place under cruel disadvantages to the weaker side. Napoleon was at the head of 200,000 veterans confident of victory, and of the irresistible genius of their commander. Moreover, the French army, or a great portion of it, was even then on Prussian soil. It was impossible that the Prussian army could rely on Frederick William, as the French army relied on its great general. The Queen did all she could by joining the army, and living in camp, with her husband, to the very eve of the battle, to encourage the spirit of the troops, and above all to prevent any change of front at the last moment. The most experienced of the Prussian generals begged the Queen to remain with the army. One of them wrote, "Pray say all you can to induce her to remain. I know what I am asking; her presence with us is quite necessary."

The final spark which caused the combustible material to burst into the flame of war, was the cruel murder of the

Nuremberg bookseller, Palm, by Napoleon, for selling a pamphlet called, "The Humiliation of Germany." He was decoyed upon neutral territory, and was shot on the 25th August, 1806, without even the pretence of a legal trial. Rather more than a month later, Prussia had declared war. Her army was very inferior to that of France. The highest number at which it has been put, even with the Russian auxiliaries, is 60,000. The troops from England did not arrive in time to be of any use. In two great battles, Jena and Auerstadt, fought on the same day, Oct. 16th, 1806, the power and independence of Prussia were completely crushed. No wonder that all the world at that moment thought them annihilated! A few days later Napoleon made his triumphal entry into Berlin. He occupied the Royal palaces there and at Potsdam, from which the Queen had lately fled with her children. It was then that Napoleon covered himself with everlasting infamy by a series of bulletins published in an official gazette called *The Telegraph*, in which he poured every kind of insult and calumny upon the person, character and influence of the Queen. He ransacked her private apartments, read her correspondence, and sought eagerly, but in vain, for evidence to support the monstrous charges he brought against her. She was among the most womanly of women, devoted to her home, to her children and husband. Every true woman is more sensitive on what touches the honour and sanctity of her home than on any other subject. It was here, therefore, that Napoleon struck at her with all the brute violence and perfidy of his nature. M. Lanfrey, the French historian, says that a volume might be filled with all that he wrote and published against her. He wished to render her odious in the eyes of her people, and held her up to ridicule as well as to calumny. He represented that her pretended patriotism was only put on to hide her guilty passion for "the handsome Emperor of Russia," that nothing had aroused her from "the grave occupations of dress, in which she had been hitherto absorbed," but the desire to bring about more frequent opportunities of intercourse with her supposed lover. The stupidity of all this, repeated again and again in bulletin after bulletin, is as wonderful as its wickedness. The effect of it in the minds of the German people is almost as fresh to-day as it was eighty years ago. They had loved and trusted their good, brave Queen, before Napoleon tried to cover her with the mud of his impure imagination. Afterwards, and to this day, they adored her as no modern queen has ever been adored. No stranger can be many days in North Germany now without being forced to ask, "Who is this Queen Louisa, whose portrait is in every shop window, and after whom streets and squares by the dozen are called?" Her name has become the symbol of all that is best in German national life, simplicity of living, patriotism and devotion to duty. M. Lanfrey, whose history of Napoleon has been already quoted, says of the bulletins attacking the Queen, "Such circumstances as these indicate the defect of Napoleon's moral organisation, amounting, in fact, to an absence of ordinary intelligence. He outraged the most delicate scruples of the human conscience, because such sentiments had no existence in his own heart. He made a grave mistake in treating other men as if they were as utterly devoid as he was himself of all sentiment of honour and morality. He did not perceive that these base insinuations against a fugitive and disarmed woman, by a man who commanded 500,000 soldiers, would produce an effect exactly contrary to what he intended; that they were calculated not only to excite disgust in all noble minds, but were revolting even to the most vulgar." How little did either the conqueror or the conquered foresee what lay hidden in the womb of time! Prince William, then a delicate child of eight years old, and a fugitive, with his mother, before the victorious army of Napoleon, was destined to become the most powerful sovereign in Europe, to bring to an end the Napoleonic dynasty, and in the chief of the Royal Palaces of France, to be crowned Emperor of a United Germany.

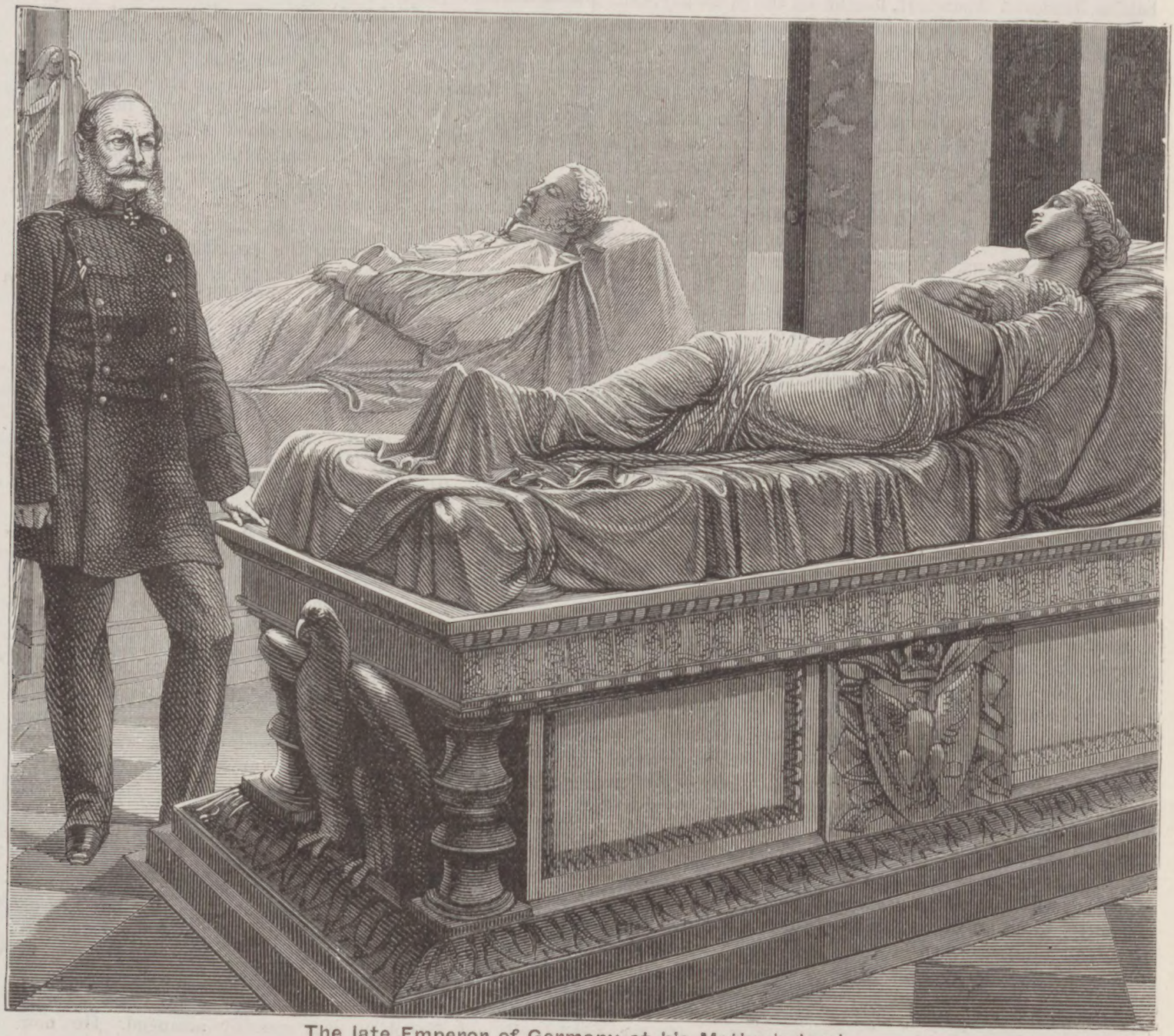
In 1806, however, the fortunes of Queen Louisa and her children were at the lowest ebb. After having lost so much that was more precious than the state and luxury of royalty, the privations of the fugitive Court were not an insupportable trial; the kind peasants brought gifts of money and provisions to their King and Queen, and many acts of faithfulness and devotion cheered and consoled Frederick William and his wife. Even ill-health, which now began to be visible in the Queen, seemed a small misfortune compared with others she had endured. She wrote at this period, June, 1807, that her greatest unhappiness was being unable to hope. "Those who have been torn up by the roots . . . . have lost the faculty of hoping." Still she felt sustained by the confidence that Prussia, though humiliated, was not disgraced. The country had had fearful odds against it, and had been vanquished, but it had striven to do its duty. "Wrong and injustice on our side would have brought me down to the grave," she wrote.

A treaty of peace was now about to be drawn up. Napoleon, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, met in a grand ceremonial way at Tilsit. The Emperor of Russia was considered by Napoleon sufficiently powerful to be treated with flattery and consideration. The King of Prussia, being helpless, was harshly dealt with; and when the terms of the peace were discussed, Napoleon was inexorable in insisting on an almost complete destruction of the power of Prussia. All the principal fortified towns in Prussia, including Magdeburg, which commanded the Elbe, were to remain in the hands of the French; and the standing army of Prussia was to be limited to 42,000 men.

The idea appears to have occurred to the Emperor of Russia, that if Queen Louisa joined her husband at Tilsit she could induce Napoleon to modify these harsh conditions of peace. Frederick William concurred, and wrote to the Queen, requesting her immediate presence to intercede with Napoleon for more favourable terms. No wonder, when the King's letter was placed in her hands, that the Queen burst into tears, and said it was the hardest thing she had ever been called upon to bear and do. All her woman's pride revolted against humbling herself to beg for favours from the man who but the other day had so brutally insulted her. But she thought, how could she, who had urged her sons to die for their country, refuse to sacrifice her just and natural resentment for the same end? She set out without delay, and the famous interview between herself and Napoleon was speedily arranged. He now treated her with every outward mark of respect, and was perhaps surprised to find the fancy picture he had drawn of her, in his infamous bulletins, falsified in every particular. She would not allow him to trifle with her, and lead the conversation away to commonplaces, but went straight to the object which had brought her to Tilsit, the granting of moderate terms of peace to Prussia. She was calm, dignified and courteous; once only her self-command failed her: "when she spoke of the Prussian people, and of her husband, she could not restrain her tears." She begged the conqueror at least to grant to Prussia the possession of Magdeburg. The French minister, Talleyrand, who was present at the

interview, thought that Napoleon wavered; but a tiger with a kid in his claws does not easily relinquish it, even if an archangel pleads with him. The interview was brought to an end, with no concession promised. The Queen and Emperor met again at a State banquet the same evening, and again the following day at a smaller private gathering. But she had humbled her pride in vain. Her first words after the final leave-taking were, "I have been cruelly deceived." Napoleon did not hesitate to misrepresent to his wife, the Empress Josephine, the whole bearing of the Queen of Prussia to him: "She is fond of coquetting with me," he wrote; "but do not be jealous." But to Talleyrand, who could not be deceived, because he was present at Tilsit at all the interviews that had taken place between the two, Napoleon said, "I knew that I should see a beautiful woman, and a Queen with dignified manners, but I found the most admirable Queen, and at the same time the most interesting woman I had ever met with." On another occasion he remarked to Talleyrand that the "Queen of Prussia attached too much importance to the dignity of her sex, and to the value of public opinion." From a man of Napoleon's gross and low estimate of womanhood, a greater compliment would be impossible.

The French army was withdrawn from Berlin in December, 1808. The King and Queen of Prussia did not re-enter their capital till December, 1809. In the following July, Louisa died. Spasms of the heart had come on, a short time previously, during the illness of one of her children. They returned with a violence which she had not strength to resist. Her husband and her people felt that she had died of a broken heart. The short-lived rejoicings that had greeted her return to Berlin, were now changed into devotion to her memory, and to the cause of German patriotism with which her name will always be associated. The King, his children, and his subjects mourned her loss with unceasing fidelity and reverence. Four years after her death, Frederick William and his Russian allies completely crushed Napoleon's power at the battle of Leipzig. On his return to



The late Emperor of Germany at his Mother's tomb.

Berlin, his first thought was to lay the laurel wreath of victory on his wife's tomb. Queen Louisa's eldest son directed that his heart should be buried at the foot of his mother's grave, and the same spot was also selected as the last resting-place of her second son, the Emperor William. It will long be remembered that it was here that the late Emperor, then King William of Prussia, knelt alone, in silent meditation and stern resolve, on the sixtieth anniversary of his mother's death, just at the time of the outbreak of the war of 1870 between France and Germany.

She was only thirty-five years old when she died; but she was able to leave to her children and to her people a name that will be remembered and honoured as long as the German Empire lasts. Her tomb at Charlottenburg is one of the most beautiful monuments to the memory of the dead, which the world contains. The pure white marble statue of the Queen is by the sculptor Rauch, who knew her well, and honoured her as she deserved. Everything about the building is designed with loving care. The words chosen by the King, and placed over the entrance of the temple where the monument lies, are: "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen: and have the keys of hell and of death."

TO THE MEN OF KENT.

VANGUARD of Liberty, ye Men of Kent,
Ye children of a soil that doth advance
Her haughty brow against the coast of France,
Now is the time to prove your hardiment!
To France be words of invitation sent!
They from their fields can see the countenance
Of your fierce war, may view the glittering lance,
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.
Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore,
Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath;
Confirmed the charters that were yours before;
No parleying now! in Britain is one breath;
We are all with you now from shore to shore:
Ye Men of Kent, 'tis Victory or Death!

WORDSWORTH.

BREAD-WINNERS.

BY ELIZA CLARKE.

CHAPTER I.

CHANGE AND DECAY.

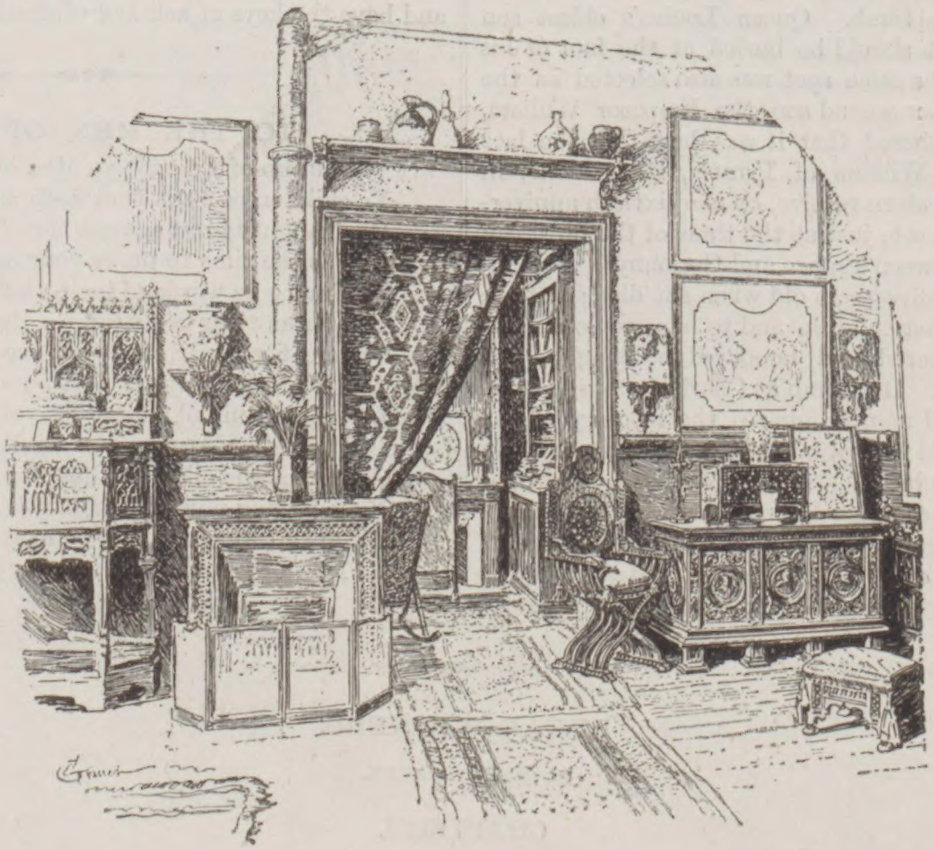
THE difference between having your bread and butter ready cut for you and having to earn first the bread and then the butter, and cut and spread for yourself is very considerable, and it very well represents the contrast between having a comfortable income left you by your grandfather or your godmother and not having a penny but what you have worked hard for.

This was exactly what Mrs. Mounsey and her three daughters experienced very soon after the death of the bread-winner of their home, a country solicitor, who held the position of clerk to the guardians of the parish and one or two similar posts, which, when he died, were at once conferred on other men. The family had lived very comfortably on his income, but he had not provided for a rainy day, and always imagined that his daughters would marry as soon as they were old enough. Perhaps they would have done so if Mr. Mounsey had lived, for he made many people welcome, and was a kind-hearted, sociable man, to whose house everyone liked to come.

He really did his best to give Alice, Mabel, and Bessie good educations, and Mrs. Mounsey did everything in her power to make them useful. She taught them all to read and spell, and gave them their earliest lessons in writing and arithmetic, and at the same time made a great point of making them good needlewomen. Of course, like other little girls, they began with hemming dusters and sewing the long, carefully-tacked seams, by which the worn sheets of the household were turned sides into middle, and by the time these tasks were successfully accomplished they were capable of hemming round the baby's diaper pinafores and sewing the seams of their own chemises and nightgowns. They thus helped Mrs. Mounsey very much with her needlework, and by the time each of them was seven years old she was sent away to a boarding-school and exhorted to devote herself to lessons, as the preliminary part of her education had been so thoroughly laid that she could afford to postpone further needlework till such time as her music, etc., etc., was conquered.

At this school, which was kept by distant relations of the Mounseys, girls did not go in for competitive examinations; their governess said that her aim was to turn out young ladies and not prodigies, and she was honest enough to tell girls who would have in future to get their own living by teaching that they had better go elsewhere. She had good masters for music and singing, for she considered these accomplishments most desirable for her pupils, and she taught them an elaborate kind of landscape drawing, which enabled them to take home framed pictures, of which they

and their parents were very proud. It was good of its kind, for she did not countenance crooked lines or smudges, and had even a notion of perspective, but it was not the drawing of modern schools of art. French, too, was fairly taught, and her pupils went through a certain course of general knowledge, and read a course of English history and literature. Her terms were £60 a year, without extras, and both Mr. and Mrs. Mounsey felt that they were doing their very best for their daughters in giving them this education.



Alice left school at the age of seventeen, and her mother used to take her into the kitchen every morning and teach her to make pastry and cakes, and do any kind of light cookery that might be going.

She liked to see her with a bit of fancywork in the evening, and insisted that she should practice her music and singing for a couple of hours every day, and was very glad of her companionship in making calls and going out for walks; and Mr. Mounsey found it very pleasant to have a cheerful, sensible girl at home, able to relieve her mother of many little cares and to lighten her burden of housekeeping. When Mabel left school she followed the same routine, and these two elder girls were respectively nineteen and twenty and Bessie fourteen when the father died quite suddenly.

The funeral was over, the undertaker and the draper who provided the mourning were paid, and then poor Mrs. Mounsey found that, with the exception of about £100 at the bank, she had no resources. Fortunately she was not in debt, for the modest household accounts had been paid as regularly as the weeks came round; but Bessie had to leave school at once, and the payment of her account up to date made a sad hole in the £100.

What was to be done she did not know, but her sound common-sense made her at once give warning to her cook and housemaid, and before their month was up she had been fortunate enough to let her comfortable house and dispose of certain fixtures and sundry articles of furniture to the incoming tenant. This gave her a little more money in hand, and she took unfurnished rooms in the outskirts of the town, moved all she thought it necessary to retain into them, and told Mabel and Alice they must seek situations as governesses, while she and Bessie endeavoured to support themselves by needlework.

The weeks that ensued were unutterably dreary. Mabel and Alice, who, as their mother felt, would have made charming wives to any doctor, lawyer, or small landed proprietor, being unappropriated blessings, searched the daily papers and answered advertisements without number for situations. Most ladies in need of governesses wanted some one who had received a high school education, who held a certificate from South Kensington, or was competent to teach the mysteries of counterpoint. Alice at last closed with a tradesman's wife in the town, who wanted a nursery governess and offered £25 a year with board and lodging, and though herself very fortunate to get one of the Miss Mounseys who had been educated at a school that never received the daughters of anyone in trade! She did not prove a hard mistress, but Alice found her hands full, and only the knowledge that she was no longer burdensome to her mother nerved her to make the best of things; and then she discovered that the little Smiths were much like other children, and being an amiable, simple-hearted girl she soon grew fond of them, and that lightened her work wonderfully.

Mabel was less fortunate, and, truth to tell, she had not made as good use of her opportunities as her elder sister. In vain she and Bessie went without butter on their stale bread and sugar in their weak tea: the little store of money lessened at a terrible rate, and starvation seemed within measurable distance. It was Mrs. Smith who came to the rescue, for she soon found out that Alice could do all sorts of fine needlework well, and heard from her that Mabel was still more skilful with her fingers. She was able to put two and two together, and came to the conclusion that something must be done if Mrs. Mounsey and her younger girls were to be saved from the misery of parting with all their surplus clothes and furniture at the pawnbroker's and facing the misery that must follow. She wrote a good many more letters than was usual with her, and one day knocked at Alice's bedroom door and said it looked so likely to rain that she should not let the children go out that morning. This gave her an excuse for speaking to the girl alone, and she began—

"Miss Mounsey, my dear, I have two cousins in London who keep a baby-linen shop, and they do find it so difficult to get anyone who can help them. They have to buy things at warehouses all made after one pattern, but if they could get anyone to work at home under their direction it would be a great deal more satisfactory. Do you think Miss Mabel would like to try what she could do?"

"I don't know what mamma would say," replied Alice; "but I am sure my sister would be thankful."

"My cousins would take her into their house—at least, it's

rooms, for people like them can't have a whole house in London; but they have a parlour behind the shop and two bedrooms on the top floor, and the first and second floors and the basement are occupied by a dentist."

"Then how would they manage with Mabel?" asked Alice.

"Well, my dear, they would sleep together and give her the smallest of the two bedrooms, and whatever they think her work is worth. You go home and talk to your ma and Miss Mabel about it, and I'll see to the children for the rest of the day. But mind and come back in good time for your supper, for we must be extra early to-night because Mr. Smith has to go on a journey the first thing to-morrow."

CHAPTER II.

MABEL LEAVES HOME.

MABEL MOUNSEY had been in London several times in her prosperous days, and though, when Mr. or Mrs. Mounsey went up on business and took a daughter with them, they had not been extravagant, it was a very different thing to go to a quiet hotel or into apartments for a few days, from arriving at Euston early in the afternoon and inquiring where she could find an omnibus that would take herself and her bag to Baker Street. She managed, however, to find her way, and, when put down at the end of the street, looked right and left for No. 21, where she saw a life-sized wax baby in an embroidered frock in the window, with lace curtains drawn behind it, and the words "Jones and Robins" in gilt letters over the front.

Mrs. Smith had told her that her cousins' names were Jane and Mary Robins, but they had succeeded to the business of Mrs. Jones, so when she opened the door and saw two middle-aged women busy serving customers she was sure that they were the sisters to whose tender mercies she had confided herself, and stood quietly in the background till one of them was at liberty to speak to her.

Miss Jane Robins had grey hair and a pale, sallow skin, and did not seem very pleased to see Mabel. The truth was that she felt nervous and awkward, and wished the girl had arrived at any but the busiest part of the afternoon. She took her into the back parlour and told her to take off her hat, and, by-and-by, when the customers were gone, they would have some tea. Miss Mary was just a second edition of her sister, but she was brisker and had more to say for herself.

It was a close July day, and Mabel thought the little parlour very stuffy. She heard the perpetual sound of voices in the shop, but saw no more of its mistresses till just after a church clock struck six, and then Miss Mary bustled in and asked her how she did, and whether she would not be glad of her tea. She lit a gas-burner with a ring over it, on which stood a small tin kettle, and produced the tea-things and bread and butter, with a tin of Swiss milk, from a cupboard. Then, as she heard the shop door open, she went back again, and was soon busy taking an order, while Miss Jane appeared, made the tea, and sat down with Mabel to have some, putting the cosey carefully over the tea-pot to keep it hot for her sister. She told Mabel it was such a long way upstairs that she could not offer to take her to her room till the shop was shut; so when Miss Mary had been in to her tea, Mabel filled the kettle again from a can that stood in the corner, and, when the water was hot, washed up the cups and saucers, and put them where she had seen them taken from. About half-past seven a boy came to put up the shutters, and then both sisters took Mabel up to what they called their "sky-parlours," showed her the very small one she was to have to herself, and the larger front room, with two windows, which they occupied themselves.

"We always go out for a little walk on summer evenings as soon as business is over," said Miss Mary; "it is good for our health, and we can't afford to be ill. Will you like to come with us, Miss Mounsey, or would you rather stay and unpack your bag?"

Mabel preferred to stay, and when she had put her few belongings into the small chest of drawers, that also did duty as a dressing-table, she took her writing-case down to the parlour and began writing to her mother. About half-past nine the sisters returned, with their hands full of small packages, one of which contained two or three slices of cold ham for supper—a simple meal which they ate slowly, as tired people generally do—and immediately afterwards they climbed the steep stairs again and went to bed.

Stern necessity and the experience of the last few months had quite extinguished Mabel's natural pride, but she saw no reason why she should not still consider herself a lady, and even after this first evening she put her new friends in the same category. They were kind and considerate to one another and to her. She saw a few numbers of good magazines in the little parlour among the fashion papers, and the bedrooms, though scantily furnished, were as clean as could be expected. Outside each window was a pot of musk—that cheap, sweet, and much-enduring plant deservedly dear to Londoners, because it will live and thrive in spite of smoke and soot.

Mabel was up betimes, for the street traffic was new to her and entirely destructive of sleep. She had made her bed and tidied her small room, when Miss Mary Robins knocked at her door in an old skirt and cotton jacket, with a handkerchief over her head, and announced that she was going to sweep the shop and back parlour. She asked Mabel to go and help her sister, who would explain a few things while they worked. The room was speedily straightened, and then Miss Jane showed her young companion a small Ripingille oil stove on the fireplace, and out on the leads, under the shelter of a chimney stack, but within reach from Mabel's window, a little wire safe or cupboard, which contained part of a loin of mutton and some carrots and onions. She produced a couple of large old soup-plates from a cupboard, cut off three mutton-chops, and packed them in one, and filled up all the crevices with sliced onion and carrot, sprinkled all pretty plentifully with pepper and salt, and finally poured a little water into the plate. Then she turned the other soup-plate over it, filled up the stove from a can of kerosene, which also stood outside the window, showed Mabel how to light it, and told her that at 12 p.m she must come upstairs, light the stove, and stand the two plates over it.

"There is always a little lull about half-past one," said Miss Jane, "when the customers go home to lunch, and we can get upstairs one at a time and eat our dinner. You see that little table? in the fireplace there is a sheet of zinc to lay on it, and if you stand the stove on that and have both windows open, the room does not get so very hot."

"And do you always have stewed chops?" asked Mabel.

"No, my dear, sometimes we have stewed steak for a change, and now and then, when business is slack, one of us can come up and fry one or the other over the stove. We are obliged to do it up here, because it would never do to have a smell of cooking in the shop, and we have no kitchen. On Sundays the cook downstairs is kind enough to bake us a little joint, which we put ready for her in that yellow dish

with a few potatoes under it, and there is some left cold for Monday, and sometimes for Tuesday as well."

Then the two went down, locking the bedroom doors and pocketing the keys, and Miss Jane prepared the breakfast in the same way as the previous night's tea, while Miss Mary and Mabel dusted the shop. Breakfast was finished by half-past eight, and the sisters went upstairs to wash their hands and put on their neat black dresses, while Mabel cleared away and washed up.

As soon as they were ready they unlocked boxes and drawers, and put out their goods to the best advantage, and when Mabel had washed her hands and come down again, Miss Mary put into her hands a little cambric skirt and some Valenciennes edging, and told her to keep on with it and work as quickly as she could, unless she called her into the shop.

Mabel did as she was told about the simple but savoury cookery, and at half-past one ran lightly upstairs again, looked about her for a table-cloth, but could not see a vestige of one. However, there was a newspaper on the drawers which looked as if it had never been unfolded, so she stripped the little dressing table, laying the glass and other things on one of the beds, spread the paper over it, laid the knives and forks and tumblers, and cut some bread. She filled the glasses with water from a bottle which Miss Jane had wrapped in a wet cloth and stood outside the window, and then went down and begged the sisters to let her stay in the shop while they went up and dined together.

Miss Mary soon returned, and thanked her very warmly for making things so nice and comfortable for them.

Then Mabel went up and ate her chop with a good appetite, and helped Miss Jane wash up and put all straight again, and sat down to her needlework in the parlour. In the course of the afternoon she was called in to receive instructions from an old lady who was ordering a set of short clothes for her first grandchild, and when she had made notes of everything, while Miss Mary showed specimens of lace and insertion, the old lady said she should like to see one of each kind of garment when it was completed, and asked whether Mabel could bring them.

"Certainly, my lady," replied Miss Mary: "it will be a walk for her and will do her good."

That evening was wet, and, as Mabel sat with the sisters and they all plied their needles, they told her they could only afford to pay her five shillings a week in money, besides giving her board and lodging.

THE OLDEST PASTIME IN THE WORLD.

For Children.

What *can* that be? Some game, or reading, painting, skating? No; there is an older pastime than any of these, always a favourite with children all over the world—I mean flower-gathering. Who is not fond of gathering flowers—especially wild flowers? How charming to sit on the grass, making daisy-chains or crowns of leaves! But our own enjoyment is not the chief subject about which I want to speak. . . . .

Sometimes, in the country, I have come across a sad sight—a bunch of flowers lying in the dust, ruthlessly cast aside, to wither, or be crushed by heavy cart-wheels. What wonder if some people declare that "children should not be allowed to gather flowers; they only do it for the *sake* of gathering, hardly ever putting them in water; through their reckless, wholesale depredations wild flowers are in danger of becoming extinct—they actually tear them up by the roots"?

Now *I* have no wish to put a stop to the oldest pastime in the world, nor do I believe that wild flowers can ever become extinct, but I do grieve over *wasted* flowers! Why do you throw them away? Do you think—"Oh, they are only wild flowers; they will not be missed; there are plenty more"? If so, you forget that, like all other good things, they are given us by our Heavenly Father, and it is great ingratitude to think thus lightly of one of His gifts.

Now if you were to pick them with a definite object in view, you might indulge your propensity for gathering every flower you come across; avoid waste, and, at the same time, give pleasure to others.

Ah, there I struck our key-note—*to please, help, and do good to others*, not to live for ourselves alone. And now I will show you how (without being rich, or grown-up) you may cheer the lives of other children, less favoured than yourselves. . . . .

First, just try to imagine how you would feel if told that you might never buy, receive, or gather another flower; that for the future you must do entirely without them! Can you realise such a sorrowful state of things? And yet there are many children in precisely that condition, to whom the treasures of the lanes and groves are unknown; who have never entered a field of buttercups and daisies! Those of you who live in large towns must often have noticed these poor young creatures begging, selling matches, sweeping crossings, or staggering under the weight of babies nearly as big as themselves. Are you not sorry for them? Don't you think you would enjoy your own holiday trip much more if you helped to procure a similar treat for some of these "flowerless" girls and boys? True, they have more opportunities now than formerly of *seeing* flowers. But *seeing* them is not the same as buying or gathering them. City posies cost money, and they have none to spend on them—very little even to spend on food!

Are they indifferent to flower charms? Surely not. They will stand long feasting their eyes on a florist's display, or dart eagerly on a faded blossom in the gutter. You may be certain they would appreciate a hunt for early primroses as much as you or I. But primroses grow far away in the country—how can such children get there? Won't *you* help to send them? If every reader of this page would spare but *one* of the sixpences and shillings he or she would otherwise spend on toys or sweetmeats, and bestowed the destined money on one or other of the numerous "Country Holiday Funds," how joyful some hearts might be made this summer!

Though these charities are increasing, only a limited number of children can enjoy their advantages; *how* many entirely depends on the amount collected. How the chosen ones must revel in the pure air, the home-made bread-and-butter, the milk, new-laid eggs, and enjoy the woods and meadows! How *they* must carry on the oldest pastime in the world—a very novel pastime to them! What a change it must be, from semi-starvation, and dirty, crowded streets, to plenty and fresh air! They must feel like different beings, hardly recognise themselves, as it were. How much they must have to tell on returning to their own wretched homes! And how their less fortunate companions, listening to their

adventures, must sigh for a glimpse of that sunny, flowery wonderland—the country!

These children are much to be pitied, but there are others who yet more demand our sympathy, who cannot even *see* flowers, but are obliged to lie in bed all through the bright summer days—the little sufferers in our hospitals. No feeling heart can think of *them* without longing to brighten their weary days, were it but for a single hour. And this is in your power. Now we come to the object I mentioned above.

A good place for wild flowers.

If you go out of town this year you will most probably find, and gather, a great number of wild flowers. Why not send some of them to one of the various hospitals, to be distributed among sick children? They will travel very nicely if packed in a suitable box. Before leaving home you would do well to provide yourselves with a few cardboard, wooden, or tin boxes, for in lodgings they are not always at hand when you want them. Also, be careful what *kind* of flowers you select. Pass by those whose petals drop off soon or fade in an hour, and those with a very strong perfume. Don't cut the stalks too short, and take an old pair of scissors with you on your expeditions, as much tugging at tough stems is bad for the flowers. Avoid carrying the nosegay home in your hand or exposed to the hot sun. If your basket has no lid lay some large leaves over the top. Before sending them off the flowers must not be put in water, and the quicker they go the better, as one *fresh* flower is worth a hundred spoilt ones. Do not crush them in the endeavour to get more into the box than it will hold. Lastly, if practicable, prick some holes, to admit air.

Very pretty pictures, to hang up in hospital wards, may be made of *dried* flowers. Lay the blossoms, perfectly flat, between cotton-wool and blotting-paper; press them under anything very heavy (taking care that every part is equally pressed) and leave them undisturbed for a day or two. By this process the *colours* will be retained. They can then be arranged in bouquets, or in any pattern your fancy may suggest, and gummed on to cardboard or into scrap-books. The gay papers torn off Christmas crackers make capital frames,

so do tinfoil, dried moss, or the sections of pine-cones, sewn on so as to overlap each other, like slates on a roof. You can greatly add to the value of these pictures by writing out or illuminating under them a text or a verse of a hymn. These are good employments for a wet day.

One word more. Be sure you do all from the right motive —love to God, Who loves you so much. Then your offerings (though only a few pence, or a bunch of wild flowers) will be acceptable to Him. For our Lord Jesus Christ has Himself assured us that "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

A. LOCKYER.

SUPPERS AND BREAKFASTS.

MENU.

Supper.—Potato surprise. Gingerbread cake.
Breakfast.—Coddled eggs; cocoa; bread and butter.

POTATO SURPRISE.

Materials.—6 large potatoes; cold meat minced, 1 teacupful; yorkshire relish, chopped onion, chopped parsley, and salt, each one teaspoonful; stock, or gravy, 1 tablespoonful; a little pepper to taste.

Directions.—Wash and brush the potatoes clean, rinse them well. Have ready a cake tin (an empty tongue-tin will do well, if nicely scoured), into which the six potatoes should fit, when on end. Cut the end of each potato nearly off, leaving the top attached to the potato by a thick bit of the skin. Scoop out the middle of the potato, with a small spoon, and fill the hole with a sixth part of a mixture made as follows:—place the minced meat in a basin, and add to it the finely-chopped onion and parsley; (if the meat be pork, substitute sage for the parsley) then the salt and pepper, lastly the yorkshire relish mixed with the stock.

When this forced meat is well mixed, fill each of the potatoes with it, replace the tops of the potatoes, arrange them carefully in the tin, so that the tops do not fall off, and bake for three hours in a moderate oven. Time, 4 hours.

The success of this, and many other nice dishes, depends a good deal on having everything ready and hot when the time comes for serving. It is a good rule to put plenty of plates and dishes to warm at least an hour before dinner and supper, to place the necessary covers then ready, and to consider *then* whether you will need any special appliances for the next meal. The best cooked meal is easily spoiled by being left to chill while the dish is being heated to receive it, or if served with cold plates, or without a cover. Attention to these apparently small details makes all the difference between comfort and discomfort; and a little forethought will be well repaid to those who will give it.

Gingerbread cake will be liked by the children. This is a plain cake, but can easily be made richer, if preferred, by using more dripping, and adding carraway-seeds and candied lemon-peel.

GINGERBREAD CAKE.

Materials.—Flour, 1 lb.; baking-powder and ground-ginger, each 1 teaspoonful; allspice, ½ oz.; dripping, 4 ozs; treacle, ¾ lb.

Directions.—Mix the flour, ginger, baking-powder, and spice together thoroughly, dry; then rub the dripping into it, as you would for pastry, till there is no lump left; stir in the treacle till all is well saturated with it; grease a two-pound tin, and pour the mixture into it. Place it in a quick oven for a few minutes till it rises, then bake it slowly for an hour and a half, or more. When a knife can be run into the middle, and looks clean and bright on taking it out, the cake is done. Time, 2½ hours.

BREAKFAST.

CODDLED EGGS.

Materials.—6 fresh eggs; 1 quart water.

Directions.—Place the water in a saucepan on the fire, until it boils quickly, then put in the eggs, one by one, with a tablespoon; take the saucepan off the fire and place it on the hob, where the water will not boil, but will just fail to do so. In five minutes by the clock take the eggs carefully out, and serve in egg-cups.

Those who have not yet tried this plan of cooking eggs, will be surprised at its great superiority to the usual way of boiling an egg sharply for three minutes. The effect of boiling water being to harden the white of an egg till it becomes tough and leathery, the yolk and inner part of the white is, in this old way, often scarcely cooked, and slimy, the heat being unable to penetrate the tough albumen which clings to the shell. But, by cooking the egg for a longer time in water which is scarcely up to boiling point, it will be found to be evenly done throughout, far more digestible, and also more appetising.

COCOA.

Materials.—Cadbury's Cocoa Essence, 6 teaspoonfuls; sugar, 6 teaspoonfuls; water and milk, each three teacupfuls.

Directions.—Mix the cocoa gradually and evenly with one teacupful of water, breaking all the lumps till it is in a creamy state, bring the rest of the water and milk to boiling point in a clean saucepan, stir in the cocoa, and boil it up. Put a teaspoonful of sugar into each of six cups, pour the cocoa into them, and serve while creamy.

Another plan of making cocoa, is to sprinkle the cocoa powder *(dry)* into the boiling milk and water, and this answers well if a dry spoon is used to sift it in with. But there is a danger of lumps if the cocoa should become at all damp before reaching the boiling milk and water. Cocoa should be made in a tin saucepan reserved only for this purpose; its delicate aroma is easily spoiled by being made in an ordinary pan. Cocoa must also be prepared and served *quickly;* for every moment after it has reached boiling point serves to dissipate the fragrance, so that the best made cocoa, left aside for a quarter of an hour, will become tasteless.

EXPENSES FOR SUPPER AND BREAKFAST.

Cold meat, 3d.; potatoes, 1d.; onion and parsley, relish, etc., 2d.; dripping, 4d.; milk, 4d.; flour, 2d.; treacle, 2d.; ginger and spice, 1d.; eggs, 6d.; cocoa, 2d.; sugar, 1d.; bread, 4d.; butter, 4d. Total 3s.

Average, for six persons, 6d. I. L. RICHMOND.

THE religion of some people is constrained; they are like people who use the cold bath, not for pleasure, but necessity and their health; they go in with reluctance, and are glad when they get out; but religion to a true believer is like water to a fish; it is his element, seemingly his native element; he lives in it, and he could not live out of it.—*Rev. John Newton.*

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

The month of June, when the young summer is at its very freshest and best, is the time of all others for preparing summer attire. Muslin dresses are very much in favour, and the white and écru are very cheap, and there are some still finer and prettier white muslins, embroidered with coloured washing silks, which, when made up with ribbons to match the embroidery, make charming evening or gala dresses for young girls. They are not very expensive either, as the price ranges at about 19s. 6d. per dress. Happy are the girls who, when such a piece of material is given them as a present, are able to make it up for themselves and thereby save a good many shillings. Most muslins are mounted on a foundation of the darkest colour in the pattern; for instance, a mauve pattern on a white ground is mounted on a foundation of mauve silk or muslin, and one in which there are stripes of two or three different colours is mounted on a foundation of any one of them. Then, with a

little bonnet or hat made of the same muslin and a few loops of ribbon of each colour, a complete and charming toilette is produced.

Everything seems to be striped—woollens, silks, poplins, and every imaginable material. This makes tall people look still taller, and is generally becoming to short figures. The only difficulty is so to cut the sleeves and the bodices that the stripes shall not be disjointed at the seams, but either run into one another or meet like a series of V's.

An extremely popular way of making up the nun's cloths and plain thin woollen fabrics, which are more useful for those who have to consider laundry expenses than muslins or cottons, is to close the bodice right across the front, carefully hiding all trace of the way in which it is fastened. Buttons, of course, are not admissible, and hooks and eyes and loops have to be pressed into the service. By the way, very few people know how to make loops, and there is a right as well as a wrong mode of doing them. Decide on the length of your loop, the sixth of an inch is the most useful, and make a series of long stitches over and over till you have six or eight strands or threads. Then, to prevent catching, pass your threaded needle eye first under the strands, catching it in just as if you were doing the edge of muslin embroidery. Fasten off strongly on the wrong side, and the loop will last as long as the stuff itself.

The favourite colours just now are two shades of mignionette-green, both in dresses, hats, and bonnets, and a tint that is neither red nor orange, but a very good imitation of copper colour. Quite the old sky-blue has come in again, too, and fully maintains its reputation as the "sweetest colour that's worn."

As the electric light grows in popularity ladies have to consider the colours that look nice under its influence. Black, and black and white stand foremost in this category, and there are shades of red that stand it well, but other colours seem to be almost prohibited. A judicious use of coloured glasses will probably correct this difficulty in the course of time; but, meanwhile, forewarned is forearmed.

A pretty way of brightening up a dress, or of concealing any little defect of fit in the upper part, is made by taking two pieces of inch-and-a-half wide ribbon, either white or any colour that prevails in the dress, join each by the method known as taking out a gore, which produces a point at the lower end, but, instead of doing it at hap-hazard, fit them nicely round the neck so as to get the join precisely at the right angle. At the lower point, as well as the upper of the bottom one, put a small, neat bow and ends, made of a slightly narrower ribbon, and one at the upper point of the top ribbon. The effect is that of two V's, one over the other.

There has been quite a rage over little children's frocks this spring, and one of the "lady" dressmakers has devoted all her energies to them, declaring that she draws the line at fifteen, and accounts it one of her triumphs to be able to assist mothers in dressing their girls at the "awkward" age. Her dresses for the very small people are, however, the prettiest. Scarlet China silk, smocked, is simply lovely, and wears as well as Turkey twill. Some of the pretty embroidery she uses resembles the Irish lace called Carrickmacross; it is really all embroidery, but every atom of muslin is cut away from underneath. Very sweet little sunbonnets for tinies are made in thick white muslin and embroidery, but of course the principle is just the same as that on which print sunbonnets have been made by country folks from time immemorial. The small frock, of which we give an illustration, is in two shades of blue, dark and light, and would look equally well in two shades of claret.

All sashes seem to be of soft "Liberty" silk. It wears well and cannot by any manner of means look stiff.

The flowers of the season are everything yellow of the papilionaceous order, broom, furze, the cultivated plant commonly called genista—which is a delicately scented and a "highly educated" kind of broom—laburnum, and, to change the genus, hawkweeds large and small are extremely popular. Roses and rosebuds have reigned all the year, and so have hops, though they are really and truly only seasonable in autumn.

The prettiest aprons are made of soft cream Indian muslin and lace, and are really quite dressy. For common use there are some that look like brown holland, worked with dark red and blue. They wash well and are very stylish.

THE WATERS OF REST.

COME out and pass these cloudless hours
The meadow brook beside,
And hear, amid the hanging flowers,
The music of the tide.

The flocks are all at quiet now,
Across the dew-wet plain,
The linnet, on the breezy bough,
Sings high a glory-strain.

The leaves are breathing, breathing low
A peaceful, soothing psalm;
Oh, come, ye—hear the waters flow
Between the banks of balm,

And there forget the cares of earth,
The hopeless spirit-stress,
The little faith that gave them birth,
The clouds of weariness.

Far drift the shadows of despair,
While throstles chant above;
The life that drinks the summer air
Hath learnt that God is Love.

For silver river, field, and wood
Proclaim, through shining ways,
"Oh, taste, and prove the Lord is good!
Thou, too, shalt sing His praise."

And winds across the daisied lea
Seem bearing whisper blest—
"Come, roll thine every care on ME:
For I will give thee rest."

M. S. HAYCRAFT.